

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon.

Item, Sawce.

Item, Sacke, two Gallons.

Item, Anchours and Sacke after Supper.

Item Bread.

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of

Bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke? What there is

else, keepe close, we'll reade it at more aduantage; there

let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning:

Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be hono-

rable. Ile procure this far Rogue a Charge of Foot,

and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-score.

The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage.

Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good mor-

row Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotsp. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower,
Will you sit downe?

And Vnckle Worcester; a plague vpon it,
I haue forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:

Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspurre:
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,

His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,
He wiseth you in Heauen.

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glen-
dower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotsp. Why so it would haue done at the same season,
if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe
had neuer bene borne.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glend. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did
tremble.

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke

To see the Heauens on fire,

And not in feare of your Natiuitie.

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth

In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth

Is with a kinde of Collick pinch'd and vex'd,

By the imprisoning of vnripy Winde

Within her Wombe: which for enlargement struing,

Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe

Sceple, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glend. Cousin: of many men

I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue

To tell you once againe, that at my Birth

The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,

The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:

These signes haue markt me extraordinarye,

And all the courses of my Life doe shew,

I am not in the Roll of common men.

Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea?

That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,

Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,

Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,

And hold me pace in deepe experiments:

Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speaks better Welsh

Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Cousin Percy, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe.

Hotsp. Why to can I, or so can any man:

But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the

Deuill.

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuill,

By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,

And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.

Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable

Chace.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head

Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wyre,

And fandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him

Bootelesse home, and Weather-beaten backe,

Hotsp. Home without Bootes,

And in foule Weather too,

How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:

Shall wee diuide our Right,

According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it

Into three Limits, very equally:

England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,

By South and East, is to my part assign'd:

All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,

And all the fertile Land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower: And deare Couze, to you

The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:

Which being sealed enterchangeably,

(A Businesse that this Night may execute)

To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,

And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,

As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.

My Father Glendower is not readie yet,

Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteen dayes:

Within that space, you may haue drawne together

Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:

And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,

From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,

For there will be a World of Water shed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.
Hotsp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,

In quantitie equals not one of yours:

See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in,

And cuts me from the best of all my Land,

A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cante out.

Ile haue the Currant in this place dam'd vp,

And here the smug and Siluer Trent shall runne,

In a new Channell, faire and euely:

It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,

To rob me of so rich a Bottom here.

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his course,

And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other side,

Gelding the oppos'd Continent as much,

As on the other side it takes from you.

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,

And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,

And then he runnes straight and euely.

Hotsp. Ile haue it, a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. Ile not haue it alter'd.

Hotsp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hotsp. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in

Welsh.

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:

For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court;

Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe

Many an English Dittie, louely well,

And gaue the Tongue a helpefull Ornament;

A Vertue that was neuer scene in you.

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,

I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,

Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers:

I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,

Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,

And that would let my teeth nothing an edge,

Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;

'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge.

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd.

Hotsp. I doe not care: Ile giue thrice so much Land

To any well-deseruing friend;

But in the way of Bargaine, make ye me,

Ile cauil on the ninth part of a hayre.

Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone shines faire,

You may away by Night:

Ile haste the Writer; and withall,

Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:

I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,

So much she dotheth on her Mortimer.

Exit.

Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Pa-

ther.

Hotsp. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,

With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,

Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies;

And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish,

A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Raven,

A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,

And such a deeale of skumble-skamble Stuff,

As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,

He held me last Night, at least nine howres,

In reckning vp the feuerall Deuils Names,

That were his Lacqueyes:

I cry'd ham, and well, go,

But mark'd him not a word

As a tyred Horse, a rayling

Worle then a smokie Horse

With Cheese and Garlick

Then feede on Cates, and h

In any Summer-House in C

Mort. In faith he was a

Exceeding well read, and p

In strange Concealments

Valiant as a Lyon, and wor

And as bountifull, as Myne

Shall I tell you, Cousin,

He holds your temper in a

And curbes himselfe, euen

When you doe crosse his h

I warrant you, that man is

Might so haue tempted him

Without the taste of dange

But doe not vse it oft, let me

Worc. In faith, my Lord,

And since your comming hi

To put him quite besides hi

You must needs learne, Lo

Though sometimes it shew

And that's the dearest grace

Yet oftentimes it doth pre

Defect of Manners, want of

Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinio

The least of which, haunting

Loseth mens hearts, and lea

Vpon the beautie of all par

Beguiling them of comm

Hotsp. Well, I am scho

Good-manners be your s

Heere come your Wiues, an

Enter Glendower,

Mort. This is the deadly

My Wife can speake no En

Glend. My Daughter wee

Shall be a Souilder too, sh

Mort. Good Father tell h

Shall follow in your Condu

Glendower speakes to

sweres him

Glend. Shee is desperat

A peeuish selfe-will'd Har

One that no perswasion can

The Lady spe

Hotsp. I vnderstand thy

Which thou pow'r't down

I am too perfect in: and b

In such a parley should I an

The Lady ag

Mort. I vnderstand thy

And that's a feeling dispu

But I will neuer be a Truan

Till I haue learn'd thy Lan